

*Entered*  
Strange News from Stafford-shire;

O R,

A Dreadful Example of Divine Justice.

Sho<sup>wn</sup> upon a young-man in that County, who having stolen a Bible, and being taxed therewith, fell to imprecating Gods Judgements upon himself, wishing that his hands might rot off, and that he might rot alive if he touched it; which heavy judgement in a short time fell upon him, his hands and his arms rotting away, and his legs from his body, he being not sick, yet appearing to all that see him the saddest spectacle that ever eyes beheld. This may warn others from wishing for judgements to fall upon them, when they know themselves guilty. This Relation was given and attested by Mr. Vincent, Minister of Bednal, who discoursed with this miserable young-man,  
Tune of, My Bleeding heart, &c.



God people all come cast an eye,  
Upon a doleful Tragedy;  
For this relation here is pen'd,  
That sinners may their lives amend.

We never scribe for to prevent  
Our just deserved punishment;  
Nor to appease an angry God,  
Until we feel his heavy rod.

Those that the Devil doth possess,  
He leads them on to wickedness,  
From sin to sin they pass it fast,  
Until destruction come at last.

This sad example makes appear,  
The true event for to be clear;  
Where Justice here is plainly shewn,  
That scarce the like was ever known.

A wicked wretch in Stafford-shire,  
Who of the Lord had little fear,  
A Bible thence to steal away,  
For which he now may rue the day.

The Bible being miss and gone,  
They did inquire of each one,  
And this young-man among the rest,  
They taxed, but he ne'er confess.

The same he still did deny,  
Although he gave himself the lye;  
And like a villain bold and stout,  
These imprecations did belch out.

He wish'd if he the Book did take,  
The Lord would him example make;  
And to that he albe might rot,  
Which came to pass too true God wot.

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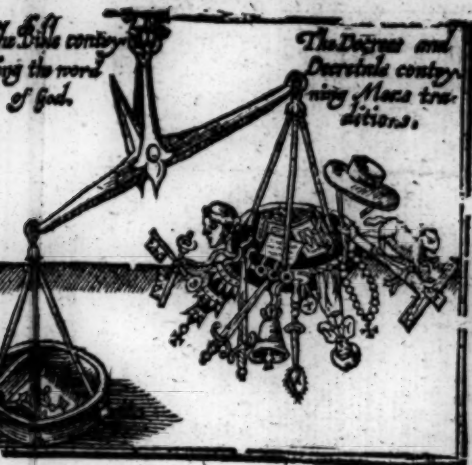
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**F**or in a very little space,  
He found himself in a sad case;  
His hand which did commit the fact,  
Did first rot off, for that same act.

Likewise the flesh we may presume,  
Up to his elbow both consume;  
So that he is in woeful plight,  
Exposed to all peoples sight.

His other hand shrank up and dy'd  
Like a Beasts Hoof, lyas by his side;  
His knees do rot, and legs decay,  
And from his body fall away.

It is a dreadful sight to see  
A person in such misery,  
Upon a pad of Straw to lye,  
And so consume insensibly.

A Minister in Stafford shire,  
Who of this Spectacle did hear;  
Unto the place he did repair,  
The truth thereof for to declare.

When as he came unto the place,  
And see him in that woeful case;  
Yet sensible he did remain,  
As if that he had felt no pain.

The Minister admonish't him,  
By all means to confess his sin:  
That so he might redeem his Soul;  
Though his offences were so foul.

To which he did confess in brief,  
That like a wretch he paid the Thief,  
And had the Bible stole away,  
Which brought his body to decay.

And that he did the same deny,  
For which he's now in misery,  
Repeating of his wishes o're,  
As he had done the same before.

Good peoples prayers he did desire,  
To mitigate Gods wrath and ire;  
Acknowledging his punishment,  
For his offence was justly sent.

A keeper constantly both day  
For to attend him night and day,  
Until the Lord shall see it fit,  
For to release him out of it.

Let his example warn us all,  
Least we into such sins may fall,  
Forbear such wishes too which may  
Bring soul and body to decay.